

AUTHOR OF "THE SIL VER BUTTERFLY,""SAL-LY SALT," "THE BLACK

NOVELIZED FROM THE SE-RIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TOM BLAKE, who has a sturdy MR. AND MRS. BLAKE, his pa-

MARJORIE LAMPSON, Tom's playmate, friend and sweetheart. HARRY LAMPSON, her brother. MR. LAMPSON, her father. ROGER LAMPSON, her uncle. JAMES SULLIVAN, a customer of

LIZETTE FORTESCE, known to the police as Liz." "Light-Fingered

SEVENTH STORY.

The champion, sword in hand, was deof the dragon.

The group of nurses lounging on the table. park bench saw only 5-year-old Tommy Blake and 4-year-old Marjorie Lampson, playing with a very big and very friend-ly collie. But Tommy the very friend-ly collie. But Tommy the very friend-ly collie. Tommy, the champion. collie. But ly collie. But when the dragon would surely swallow Marjorie or drag her away to its lair, unless her defender could frighten away the monster with his sword.

The catastrophe struck all three of the children dumb with horror. Then, as heavy foodsteps sounded from Mr. as heavy foodsteps sounded from Mr.

Tommy wielded the wooden sword right doughtly, shaking it in front of the barkng collie's nose and assuring his little laymate he would save her.

It was a wonderful game. But present-

ly the coille tired of it and trotted away.

Tommy (thrilled at the triumphant thought that he had vanquished the dragon) gave chase. He had not run three steps before his foot slipped and he tumbled face downward in a very large and very sloppy mudpuddle. At once—even before the scream of his horrified nurse reached his ears—he

At once-even before the scream of nise At once-even before the scream of nise horrified nurse reached his ears—he ceased to be a victorious warrior and became a "Tom!" he thundered at last "Yessir," replied Tom in a very small that the father, came a very badly scared little boy, to be a victorious warrior and became a very badly scared little boy. He realized that his new silk suit was

ruined by the mud-that his mother had warned him to be careful to keep out of the dirt-and that he was probably in for whipping. Wherefore, he howled dis-

snatched him up from his miry resting place, shook him, and, amid loud volleys of threats as to want Mrs. Blake would do when she should see his spoiled new suit, dragged the squalling child home-

Mrs. Blake was a thoroughly wellmeaning woman. In fact, she meant so well that she did not confine her well-meaning to her own home, but tried to disseminate it among less lucky families. That was why, at this moment, she was engaged in preparing an address which she expected to read two nights later before the Parents' Club. In her big library she sat placidly scribbling

hurse, "he was—"
"I asked Master Tommy, not you, purse," interrupted the vexed mother, this happened; Tommy, tell me how this happened! Tell me the truth, mind you or

"It—it was this way." faltered anfully choking back his sobs. Saint George and the Dragon. And Marjorie was being the Maiden in Distress—like—like the way you read to me. And Laddle was the dragon. And I him run away. And I chased him. And I fell down and got all muddled up. And I'm awful sorry. Mamma. dldn't mean to fall down. And—" disobeyed me and got dirty

"So you disobeyed me and got dirty after I warned you not to," broke in his mother. "You wicked boy. I—"
"But," stammered Tommy, "I—I told the truth. The way you said I always

library book closet and flung open its

door.

Tommy understood now the terrible punishment that was to be his. Like many nervous and high-strung children, he had an unreasoning horror of the dark. For only his very worst offenses was he ever locked in this black closet. Such imprisonment was anguish to him. It was a torture as our horse. It was a torture as acute as for a hysterical "grownup" to be locked for burial vault.

Mamma!" he walled, clinging

to the hand that pinched his tender little arm so cruelly. "Please! Please don't of ghost-like darkness broke in on his woman, plea for mercy. He was a prisoner, in the most awful prison ever devised by man—the prison of fear. Mrs. Blake returned to her desk and began work once more on her speech for the Parents'

Tom Blake had reached the mature age university. of eleven. Marjorie Lampson and her brother, Harry, had come one afternoon to the Blake house to talk over a matter of tremendous import to all three of them no less an event than Tom's birthday party which was to take place on the following week, the most thrilling social event of the year to all three of them.

"Sav!" Tom greeted them. "I'm going into friendship. In fact, between the two them.

Befor to have a bicycle for my birthday! Hon-

delight. "I'm going to ask papa to get me one, too. Then we can take rides to-

"Huh!" grunted Harry in derision the "You're too much of a cry-baby to ride

PEARL," ETC.

(Coppright, 1916, by Mrs. Wilest)

"I wouldn't either." denied Mariorie her eyes filling with tears at his gibe.
"You would so! You would so!" taunted Harry. "See, you're getting ready to cry right now! Cry-baby! Cry-baby!" And he wiggled a scornful forefinger in front of her flushed little face.

"You let her alone!" ordered Tom. 'Quit teasing her.' "Shan't" mocked Harry, "She's my own sister, isn't she? I'll tease her any

time I want to.' "Leave her be," commanded Tom. "If Harry showed his disregard for the

warning by giving Marjorie's curls a sharp tug. The little girl cried out in pain. With a yell of fury Tom launched himself on her tormenter. Harry, who found it much safer to tease girls than

to fight boys, turned and ran.

Around the library table dashed the pursuer and the pursued. Harry dodged as Tom caught up with him and ducked under the latter's outflung arm.

Tom's fist, missing its mark, struck
ful' against the side of an antique

cloisonne vase that stood at one end of The vase-worth its weight in

At the impact of Tom Blake's fist the vase flew into the air, crashed down upon the hardwood floor and lay there,

word.
So while Marjorie squealed with delight, as heavy foodsteps sounded from Mr. Blake's adjoining study, Harry so far recovered his presence of mind as to grab up his cap and run at top speed out of the room and out of the house. Mr. Blake, drawn thither by the crash, sauntered into the library in housecoat and slippers. In the doorway he paused, aghast at the tableau before him,

There on the floor lay his priceless vase in atoms. Above it cow two scared children—Tom and Marjoric.
For an instant Mr. Blake stood gazing at the wreckage, his hard face slowly purpling with the wrath that swelled up

"Who did that?" demanded his father, pointing dramatically at the ruined vase.

The boy hesitated; then, drawing a long breath, he prepared to confess. Before he could speak his father rasped coldly. out fiercely:
"The truth, now! No lies!"

He got no further. His father kicked He got no further. His father kicked "And if you insist, we will wait a year or off one slipper, picked it up, caught the so; though I beg you won't insist. Youwretched boy by the nape of the neck, you have no personal objection to me, I flung him over the paternal knee and began to rain blows upon him with the full force of a vigorous and anger-driven arm.

The whipping hurt, excruciatingly. And gragement between you and my daugh-

the fact that Marjorie was an appalled ter."

witness of it hurt a thousand times more.

"That means." flashed Marjorie, "that No man—be he eleven or one hundred and you've been listening to more of Harry's eleven—can bear to be humiliated in the stories about him. Harry's jealous of eyes of the girl he loves.

Tom. because Tom is popular and—"

ject to which I have given—"

A shutting door, a sound of weeping, the hurry of foosteps checked her flow of inspiration. She laid down her pen and turned with a frown toward the Tom was dry-eyed.

A shutting door, a sound of weeping, father, unable to make the boy cry, plied the jump of foosteps checked her flow the slipper all the harder. The tears were rolling down Marjonie's own face. But "Torbid vit is see from again, for ed and choked back every sound. His the present, or to hold any sort of communication with him."

"Dad!"

"Dad!"

"I forbid you to see from again, for ed and choked back every sound. His present, or to hold any sort of communication with him."

"Dad!"

"Dad!"

"I forbid you to see from again, for ed and choked back every sound. His present, or to hold any sort of communication with him."

ed the boy. "There wasn't anything else to do."

nurse his anger, leaving Tom and Mar-jorie staring in helpless dismay at each

And—
Blake interrupted his pitiful deby catching his shoulder in her
shand and jerking him along in tells the truth," she whispered. "He g hand and jerking him along in tells the truth," she whispered. "He wake as she marched across to the promised you that bicycle; and now—"

her from the collie-dragon, Tom Blake had loved Marjorie Lampson. Indeed, he loved her Always, she had seemed to him as beautiful and as necessary as the sunshine itself. at the age when boys pretend to despise girls-his love for her had not wavered. And now, at 21, it was no longer the affection of a child for a child, but the whole-souled adoration of a man for a

Marjorie had grown to slender. ful young womanhood. Very pretty she was, and very winsome. To Tom she was by far the most wonderful person in all the whole world.

And one evening he told her so.

It was during his senior year at the university. He had but three months more to study. After graduation he was to go into business with his father; and, from the very beginning, was to receive a salary that seemed to him enough to

est I am!"
"No!" exclaimed Harry Lampson in the desired envy.
"Yes, I am, too. Papa says I am. Isn't mon. Tom, for examule, was studious and the desired envy. "Maybe he's only fooling you," sug-sted the envious Harry.
"No he isn't either, stoutly denied Tom.
"No he isn't either, stoutly denied Tom.
"No he isn't either, stoutly denied Tom.

"Maybe he's only fooling you," suggested the envious Harry.

"No he isn't either," stoutly denied Tom. "He told me so himself, And grown folks always tell the truth. My papa does, anyhow," he added, as Harry grinned, skeptically.

"Isn't it wonderful that you're going merely to intensify Harry's dislike for him.

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"Isn't it wonderful that you're going merely to intensify Harry's dislike for him.

had promised to take him into the busi-ness that Tom called on Marijorie with the good news. As she came into the the good news. As she came into the living room and moved forward to wela bicycle, Marge. You'd snivel every come him she seemed so adorably pretty time you fell off."

and irresistible, that, before he knew

what he was doing. Tom caught her in his gasped the girl indignantly; enough—making no effort to

yet-oddly e "I'm sorry!" he pleaded, though with-I'm sorry he pleaced, though with-out releasing her "I didn't mean to. Honestly, I didn't. I had a really splen-did proposal all thought out. A proposal all full of poetry quotations and remarks about angels and lilles and paradise and all. But when I saw you, all I could think of was that I love you—I love you.

I love you! Marjorle, darling. I love

I love you! Marjorie, darling. I love you. I guess you've always known it. Do my sneaking."

"Oh—oh. pshaw, I take it back!" promised to take me into the business and—"

"Why, of course, I do," she hesitated, her growled Harry, his glance shifting beface hidden on his chest. "You know I fore the coldly steady blaze of the quiet do, Tom. I've—I've loved you as far back eyes that looked into his. "Anything for to tear down. I take back that promised to take me into the business I built up," snapped his father, "is not for ne'er-do-wells to tear down. I take back that promised to take me into the business in the business I built up." "The business I built up." snapped his father, "is not for ne'er-do-wells to tear down. I take back that promised to take me into the business and—"

"The business I built up." snapped his father, "is not for ne'er-do-wells to tear down. I take back that promised to take me into the business and—"

"The business I built up." snapped to take me into the business and—"

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"The business I built up." snapped to take me into the business and—"

"The business I built up." snapped to take me into the business and—"

"The business I built up." snapped to take me into the business and—"

"The business I built up." snapped to take me into the business and—"

as I can remember."

The arms about her slender body tightened. She raised her flushed face. Their eyes met and then their lips.

It was not a dramatic scene; not at all

eloquent or stirring. It was the simple avowal of two people who loved each other and who were proud to confess that love as the most glorious thing in

that love as the most glorious thing in both their lives, "And, dear," said Tom, after a half hour of the delicious idiocies that lovers consider such infinitely wise conversa-tion, "It won't have to be a long engageent, either. Father promised me today Marjorie darted away from the clasp

f his arm. of his arm.
"Dad's coming in," she warned him. "I heard his key in the front door. I know he won't approve. Don't let's tell him— "Why, little sweetheart!" Tom reas-

sured her. "He won't bite us. Besides, it's the only square thing—the only truthful thing—to do. We can't live a lie. He has the right to know.' "But--

Mr. Lampson hearing voices in the living room, strolled in. Harry, at his heels, caught sight of Tom and halted rresolute, just outside the doorway. "Good evening, Tom." Mr. Lampson receted the caller, not over-cordially. 'Hello, little girl. Harry and I just got

wait dinner for us."

"Mr. Lampson," spoke up Tom, nerving himself for the ordeal. "My father promised today to take me into the business with him in June." congratulate you," said Lampson

"I congratulate you," said Lampson perfunctorily, "That will mean," went on Tom, "that I'll have good pay from the start; with a prospect of a raise as soon as I make good. And I'm going to make good. Not only for father's sake and mine, but for Marjorie's, too."
"Marjorie's?" repeated Lampson in

mild displeasure. "What has Marjorie "I hope she will have everything to do with it," answered Tom.

paused, "I don't understand you."

"Irceless "Mr. Lampson," said Tom, "I have just red the asked Marjorie to be my wife. Will you make us both very happy by giving your consent? If you will let us marry as soon as I go to work-"I am afraid I cannot consent to any-

thing of the sort," said Lampson, stiffly But Mr. Lampson! You know all about me. You know my parents. You know Marjorle cares for me, that I shall be able to support her. that."

"I know merely that I do not wish Mar-

orie to marry you." returned Lampson coldly. "For that matter I do not wish her to think of marrying anyone for sev-"I—I don't tell lies, sir," answered Tom.
"I did, sir!" said Tom. "I was chas"Youth is a disease that time reversely the sire of the sir

has failed to cure," protested poor Tom.
"And if you insist, we will wait a year or

The whipping hurt, excruciatingly. And gagement between you and my daugh-

Yet the fact that Marjorie witnessed "That will do, Marjorie!" said her his disgrace kept Tom from committing father. "I don't care to discuss the matthis evening." she wrote, laborously, "but the training of children is a sub-lishment. He kept his teeth tight clench. And I forbid you to see Tom again, for

"I forbid it," he repeated, tersely. "Un-

Tom looked appealingly at Marjorie. the boy. There wasn't anything else 10m looked appearingly at harry-ire. do."

But the girl was white and trembling.

I'l don't see why," argued Marjorie. He knew the awe in which she held her "Harry was gone. Your papa wouldn't austere father and saw she lacked the cave dared to punish my papa's son, any-

But I'm not going to give you up, Tom.
"I'd lots rather see you with his conseid. But I'm going to see you just the
same: even without his consent. Is that

at about 8. All yours, Marjorie."

The silly, schoolgirlish note seemed to The silly, schoolgiriish note stample Tom Blake the most magnificent sample Tom Blake the most magnificent sample to the sample of epistolary English ever written. He kissed it tenderly; then writing on the envelope: "Her first love letter," he nvelope: "Her first love letter," he towed it away in his desk, in a compartnent reserved for his choicest teasures. Promptly at 8 Tom reached the Col-ege drug store. He glanced inside. Marjorie was not there yet. But a half dozen youths from the university were gathered at a counter, laughing noisily over something. Harry Lampson was among

Before Tom could withdraw one of the lads hailed him, calling:
"Look here! See what we've got."
He held up for inspection a sign board

whose black surface was chalked in white the

stealing and then sneak around and warn old Lentz." Tom Blake walked up to him, very

quietly and with no indication of threat or bluster "I'm not given to preaching," he said. "and as for sneaking-I'll trouble you to

take back what you said about that. Here and now. Take it back.

"Here, you fellows!" called a clerk.
"We don't want any scrapping in this store." "There's not going to be any scrapping.

"There's not going to be any strate."

Max." said Tom Blake, "because I going to take it back."

"I—"

"If you think I'm afraid of you-

scoffed Harry.
"I don't think so, I know it," replied
Tom. "Take back what you said about

Tom nodded and turned away. The

Tom watched a minute or so longer, then left the store. He came face to face with Marjorie, who was entering. "Oh, I'm so glad you got my note!" said the girl, as their hands met. "I was afraid you'd be away from home or something. Which direction shall we

brought them to an abrupt halt. They turned to locate the turmoil. A hundred feet away, under the glare of

people were engaged in a decidedly live. the whole story. sle. One of the group was a police-Tom, at a glance, understood the ly tussle situation.

must have caught them at it and tried one you want to. By that time, if to run them in. They're beating him the idiots! That's mean a night in the hoosgow' for some of them. They—" salary. Tell him to come and the hoosgow' for some of them. They—" See me tomorrow.' Please so to him the salary. Tell him to come and see me tomorrow.' Please so to him they are the salary. The salary. Tell him to come and see me tomorrow.' Please so to him they are tomorrow.'

One of them is Harry!"
"Yes," said Tom, without interest. "I see it is."
"But—oh, he is always getting into

trouble!" she went on. "He's certain to be arrested. And Dad will never for-give him. He said if Harry ever got into another scrape he— Tom, please please, for my sake, go over and get

"Please, dear!" she entreated.
And, stirred by the hint of tears in her entreaty, he reluctantly obeyed. Running across the street, he plunged into the jostling group, arriving just as Harry struck the policeman a glancing blow on the back of the neck.
"Get away from this!" ordered Tom, seizing Harry's arm and flinging him

back out of the struggle. As he did so, the policeman turned to grapple with the man who had struck him. Tom was where Harry had been standing and the bluecoat grabbed him. Harry, seeing what had happened yelled. "Beat it, boys! Here come the re-

serves! In a moment the group had scattered. leaving Tom a captive. Tom made no resistance, saying merely: 'You've got hold of the wrong chap.

officer. Another case of arresting the 'innocent bystander!' "You're the lad that hit me." declared the policeman, puffing from his hard fight. I'll swear to that. Come along!" Marjorie, seeing her lover's plight, ran cross the street to his rescue. Before

the shadows and caught hold of her 'Come away from this!" he said harshly. "and come quick! I'm not going to have my sister mixed up in a police court

she could reach him Harry darted out of

case!"
"But, Harry!" she exclaimed, fighting to free herself and to rejoin Tom. "He'll be arrested. He-" "Serve him right! The bullying prig." "I must-You must come home with me." rough-

ly interposed Harry, still propelling the resisting girl along by sheer force. "If you don't, I'll tell Dad you were with Tom Blake after you'd been ordered not to And you can figure out for yourself what Dad will do, then."
"You wouldn't be so mean—so cow-ardly—"

"Cut out calling me names! That's just what I'll do-I'll tell Dad-if you say one word to clear that Blake prig! I'm not going to get in bad at home for this shindig. Besides, Blake's got it comins

of inspiration. She laid down her pen rand turned with a frown toward the and turned with a frown toward the and turned with a frown toward the library doorway.

To was dry-eyed.

To was dry-e and had been arrested for assaulting Officer Hutch. Also, that the magistrate had taken pity on Blake's youth and on his family's social standing and had let him off with a suspended sentence.

When Tom, after a hideous scene at home, went to the university he found a suspense to report at once to the scene player of Sullivan's deposit.

"Put it somewhere for the night," replied Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and furn it over to each piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled Lampson," and the piled Lampson, "and furn it over to each piled

people talk back to him as you did last night. And its made him all the more bitter against you. (He'd be the same way, I'm sure, with anyone who tried to marry me and take me away from him.) But I'm not going to give you up. Tom your telephone booth there and call her up, I will tell her you wish to ask her

worth it. I'll manage somehow without your testimony. I've told him the truth.
And the truth is always sure to win is always sure to win out. Don't cry. It's all right."

He returned to the president. "I regret, sir," said Tom. " said Tom. "That my stify. But I have given witness cannot testify. you my word of honor that Ishort. "Good day."

At a meeting of the faculty that afternoon Tom Blake was duly and publicly

done that this disgrace should fall on me? I have trained you so carefully! I have taught you truth and honesty and uprightness from your very cradle. And now you bring this horrible shame on us, in spite of all I have done for you!"

matter more stoically.

"Here!" he said, curtly. "Take this reer money. It is \$100. Take it and get out. I don't want a black sheep in my fold. You have made your bed. Lie in it. I'm done with you.

"But, father!" persisted Tom. "T've "But, father!" persisted Tom. "Twe done nothing wrong. I'm innocent."
"They don't expel innocent boys from college," retorted his father.
"I am innocent," insisted Tom, desperately. "I give you my word. Please believe me. I've never lied to you. Don't send me away like this. You nominate to take me.

ise. You will leave the family you have disgraced. I don't want you under my roof another night."

While Tom was miserably packing boys, with their sign, presently trooped

his few belongings a note was delivered to him. It was from Marjorie. "I Tom read: "Dearest:-I'm a coward, and I don't

was afraid you'd be away from home or something. Which direction shall we walk?"

As she talked they had fallen into step and were crossing the street Before they could decide further as to their direction an uproar a half block below brought them to an abrupt halt. They turned to locate the turmoil.

A hundred feet away, under the glare of an electric light, a knot of six or seven records were arrested to the loves me better than anyone else. The just been to him and told him all

"He was splendid about it. He said: Til help you both out. Send Tom Blake to me and I'll give him a chance "They were going to hang an under. In my own office. Since you believe taker's sign under Dr. Lentz's name." in him, so will I. And in a year you'll he explained to Marjorie, "and that cop be of age. Then you can marry anymust have caught them at it and tried one you want to. By that time, if

see me tomorrow.' Please go to him
Tom. It's our one chance.
"Heartbrokenly, MARJORIE.
"P. S.—I love you."

asm and adaptability that quickly was asserted, and he went on with his meal.

The girl picked up the menu and studied it. But her fingers seemed to be girl one day, "by hiring young Blake. But it was you who did me a favor by getting me such a man to work for me, getting me such a man to work for me. He's had two promotions this past year. He's had two promotions this past year. During the fraction of a second that his head was below the table edge. Liz's hand "Harry has just told me. And I never the prize of the menu and studied it. But her fingers seemed to be studied it.

pect, and at the promise of a raise in pay, hurried back to the office after his

unch time chat with Marjorie,

unch time chat with Marjorie.

It was a busy day, and, during the aftirnoon a detail of work arrived that had
be completed in haste. Tom at once

marry the girl he adored. Small wonder he whistled gayly over his work:

As he at last laid aside the completed task and reached for his hat and coat he heard a rap at the door of the outer of.

Tom Blake was aware of a racking will be good to rest."

He plunged forward and the greedy waters seized his body in their swift embrace.

my old car this evening for \$850. Here it the bar pointed to 1:30.

In fifties. Please ask Lampson to keep it on deposit here till I get back to Neither were Harry's group of slummers. keep it on deposit here till I get back to keep it on deposit here till I get back to town; in case he needs it to bolster up any of my margins. I don't like the way C. G. & X. closed today. And I don't want to be wiped out. This will more than cover any drop while I'm gone. I'm leaving on the 10:30."
"But," objected Tom, "only Mr. Lamp-son and the cashier have the combination.

"Harry was gone. Your papa wouldn't austere father and saw she lacked the have dared to punish my papa's son, anyhow. Why didn't you say—?"

"I wish I could have," he muttered.
"But—it would have been a lie. And—"
Mr. Blake thrust his head back into the library.

"I had nothing to do with the fight.
"Put it somewhere for the night," rehome. went to the university he found a summons to report at once to the office of the institution's president. To the president's displeased inquiries, Tom opened a drawer of his desk; then reconsidered, and decided the money reconsidered.

essary. Industry some cheap eating house the me so into this, I was ward route.

The hour was late and he was sleepy a short as well as hungry, so he took a short cut through a network of squalld streets to bring him to his own boarding place.

After which he strewed papers about the floor and left the top drawer wide open. He performed the same feat

You needn't say Harry was in it."

"But, Tom!" came the quavering reply over the wire, "I can't, dear. I can't!

The president knows Dad. He'd be certain to mention it to him, And then I'd be in awful trouble. That's why I didn't learn after the resident who were making not a little noise to the havor wrought on the previous night.

"Somebody's broke in here!" piped who were making not a little noise to over their drinks and who had evidently ployer. "Some one got in last night an'—" interfere last night. Harry threatened to tell Dad I was with you. And—"

"All right, sweetheart," said Tom gently. "Don't be frightened. I'm not noticed Harry Lampson among them.

Not wishing to meet Harry, or any of "Gone!" he she the latter's friends, and not at all liking the aspect of the place itself, Tom crossed

to an alcove near the door, partly screened from the main room. There he sat down at the alcove's single table and rang for a waiter.

Choosing a meal from the list displayed week by week, out of my own salary. ou my word of honor that I—"
"That will do," the president cut him he gave his order and sat back to wait. "Ye hort. "Good day."

He was mildly irritated to find himself dear

ernoon Tom Blake was duly and publicly expelled from the university.

He himself brought home the news. His mother burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh!" she sobbed. "What have I ever done that this disgrace should fall on me? I have trained you so carefully! I hungry. And, on second thought he resistantly. solved to wait for supper.

us, Lizzie Reisen was a lady who lived by your v her wits, And she had good sharp wits bery?"

His father, as stirred as she, took the to live by. She did not care for her patronymic, and early in her hectic ca-reer she had changed it to "Lulette For-tescue." But an unappreciative police force had renamed her "Light-Fingered

Lizzie had left Boston in considerable haste, as a result of a department store pickpocket scandal. And now, with the aforesaid unappreciative police force searching diligently for her, she had decided to bury herself for a few weeks in this more or less secluded university town, where she had friends she could count on to shelter her. She had arrived in town an hour earlier

and in a villainously bad temper on the train a fellow pickpocket had been so outrageously unprofessional as to steal her wristbag by means of the simple old "razor trick." And the wristbag had contained every dollar she had in the

Guided by memories of other days, Liz came straight to Harding's cafe. It had been a favorite resort of her's in her apprentice years when she had been content to "lift" an occasional stickpin or cheap watch. Harding, she knew, would lend her enough money to keep her going for awhile.

Liz entered the main room of the cafe and glanced around with a seeming carelessness which, none the less, took in every detail and ever patron of the place. Her roving glance at last paused—at sight of something that promised to be interesting.
At an alcove table sat a well-dressed

As the waiter leaned over him, Liz saw the young man raise his hand ner-vously toward one side of his vest; as

if guarding something in a pocket there or else to make certain it was not gone.

That tip was quite enough for LightFingered Liz. Perhaps she might not The next year was one of tireless work and steady achievement for Tom Blake. He more than justified the "chance" that Roger Lampson gave him by bringing to his new tob a resistless content of the steady achievement for Tom Blake. The consection of the could face a straightful form. The was his one hope. And, with Marjorie at his side he could face a whole disapproving world. Marjorie, after all, was what counted most in his is so smoky."

is so smoky."
"Not at all," said Tom absently, surhis new job a resistless energy, enthusiasm and adaptability that quickly won his employer's approval.

"I thought I was doing you a favor.

The girl picked up the menu and

He's had two promotions this past year.

And he's going to get a third and bigger raise next month."

"Next month?" echoed Marjorie "Why, that's June. The month of weddings."

"The month of weddings." support of coffee and returned as quickly to her work here. The month of weddings."

Next month?" echoed Marjorie "Why, that's June. The month of weddings."
"And the month of your birthday," supplemented her uncle. "You'll be of age the first of June, won't you? Well, take my advice—marry Tom Blake that day. And I'll make your peace with your father afterward."

Marjorie sped to Tom with this inspired suggestion. And the wedding date was accordingly fixed for June 1.

Tom, aglow with delight at the prospect, and at the prompte of a raise in pay, hurrled back to the second menu and paid no further later want. Says—and two of his friends corroborate with the gave her the rescued menu and paid no further heed to him—just then. The hungry youth devoted his whole attention to his greasy potatoes, his tough steak and to his unusually randed suggestion. And the wedding date was accordingly fixed for June 1.

Tom, aglow with delight at the prospect, and at the promise of a raise in pay, hurrled back to the control of the care and read:

"Harry has just told me. And I never want to see or hear of you again. He says—and two of his friends corroborate him—that he say you last night in a slum restaurant—with a woman. When they left the place her arm was around you aftention to his greasy potatoes, his tough steak and to his unusually randed suggestion. And the wedding date was accordingly fixed for June 1.

Tom, aglow with delight at the prospect, and at the promise of a raise in spite of the extra sugar he put in it. But he was thirsty as woll and the told me all along the fixed to the put in it. But he was thirsty as woll and the told me all along the strength of the current as the prospect, and the of you again. He says—and two of his friends corroborate want to see or hear of you again. He says—and two of his friends corroborate want to see or hear of you again. He says—and two of his friends corroborate him—that he say you has a wing to see or hear of you again. He says—and two of his friends corroborate him—that he say you had two of his friends.

To what to see or hear of you again. He says—and two bitter, in spite of the extra sugar he put in it. But he was thirsty as well as famished. And he made a clean job of the unappetizing meal.

He reflected, as he finished, what a He reflected, as he finished, what a He girl who trusted you. Good bye."

When the rest of the staff departed ne bent over his desk, unweariedly tackling the overtime job. His heart was light his brain brilliantly active. He verily bear lieved he was the happiest man in all a delicious sleepiness began to creep the staff of the staff departed ne bent discovered by the would start home. But, for sweetheart—all gone."

A long time he stood motionless. Then slowly he turned toward the river. When a delicious sleepiness began to creep the stood on the pier above the fast-numbing waters he scale activities.

America. One year ago he had been disgraced and cast out of his home. Today he was a success, was on the highroad to promotion, and in three weeks was to marry the girl he adored. Small wonder he whistled gayly over his work:

As he at low tild work and been disgraced and cast out of his home. Today would do him no harm.

And now, the woman across the table much when I told the truth, far too much, when I turned from the truth. It was speaking to him. He could not catch what she said; but her voice was sweet.

Now she was coming around to him the good to rest."

Tom got up feeling very sick and made for the street. As he turned homeward through the darkness he wondered if the clock had registered 1:30 or only 12:30. His Shortage of Timber Considered. hand went to his watch pocket

His watch was gone. So was his chain.

"But," objected Tom, "only Mr. Lampson and the cashier have the combination of the safe. What shall I do with this overnight? Where shall I put it?"

"Oh, just take personal care of it," sugsested Sulliwan. "That's all right. You're us safe as a bank. Good night. I'll have to hustle if I want that 10:30 train."

His watch was gone. So was his chain. And his vest was unbuttoned. His fingers flew to the inside pocket. It was empty. A gurgling cry, like that which is wrung from the dying, burst from Tom's dry lips. For an instant all the world spun crarily about him. Then suddenly walls of England was there such a tree mists. And he knew what had happened.

Britain. In every wood the combination of the drugmists. And he knew what had happened. His watch was gone. So was his chain

> Yes, and he knew why the woman had come around to his side of the table.
>
> What was to be done? And, from long apart as the Scotch fir woods and the habit, conscience answered: "Tell the truth" But his cooler judgment realized Canadian lumberman are working. Bethat in the present case the truth was hind the statement of Mr. Acland in the one thing he could not tell.
>
> Who would believe he had gone to a the Home Grown Timber Committee had

notorious slumming resort—through sheer been successful in securing

"Twish I could have," he muttered.
"The could have here a lie And—""I ligo." said from. "But it is only fair to warn you, sir, that I don't promise had to war you, sir, that I don't promise you hall not have a birthfully aparty his year. And you shall not have a birthfully aparty his year. And you shall not have a birthfully aparty his year. And you shall not have a birthfully aparty his year. And you shall not have a birthfully aparty his year. And you shall not have a birthfully aparty his year. And you shall not have the bloycle I promised you."

It was Marjorie who broke that dum founded silence.

It was Marjorie who broke that dum founded silence.

It was Marjorie who broke the truth." she whispered. "He promised you that birycle; and now—"

I't hought you sjid your papa always."

I't hought you sjid your papa always.

I't hought you sjid your papa always.

I't was Marjorie who broke the dum founded silence.

I't hought you sjid your papa always.

I't was Marjorie who broke the dum founded silence.

I't hought you sjid your papa always.

I't hought y

a chisel broke all the locks

"I'd lots rather see you with his consent. Is that wrong? I hope not, because Im going to any way. And besides, you gave him fair warning.
"I'm going to slip out of the house for a few minutes after dinner this evening. Would you care to meet me? If you would I'll be at the College drug store at about 8. All yours.

The after a lots rather see you with his consent. Is that wrong? I hope not, because Im going to a few questions over the phone. You can be mentioned outside in connection with this."

"I agree to that," assented the president.

Tom entered the office booth and called up the Lampson home. Marjorie herself answered the ring. In a few hurried at about 8. All yours.

The after a lots rather see you with his consent. Is that we questions over the phone. You can to bring him to his own boarding place. With three other desks. Then he went hondiced on a curtained street window the sign:

"I'm going to slee you just the same; even without his consent. Is that work of squalld streets to bring him to his own boarding place. With three other desks. Then he went hondiced on a curtained street window the sign:

"I'm going to see you just the same; even without his consent. Is that yours, and besides, you gave him fair "I agree to that," assented the president.

To mentered the office booth and called up the Lampson home. Marjorie herself the street was uninviting. But hunger the street was uninviting. But hunger the street was uninviting. The window was not over clean and the three other desks. Then he went home, leaving the office's outer door noticed on a curtained street window the sign:

"Tagree to that," assented the president.

The window was not over clean and the street window the sign:

"Harding's cafe."

"Harding's cafe."

"Harding's cafe."

"To meared the office booth and called up the Lampson home. Marjorie herself and the street was uninviting. But hunger the street was uninviting. But hunger in seldom fastidious. Tom entered and the prove the books when he noticed on a curtained street window the s was saying as they went in. locked it. I hope I did right. It words he explained the situation and finished by saying:

"All you need do, dearest, is to answer truthfully the questions he'll ask. Just say you were with me and that I shumping an off-key melody out of a linterfered in the fight at your request. You needn't say Harry was in it."

"But Com!" was saying as they went in two many and sawdust on the floor.

A man with ragged whiskers was with me. I—what's the matter?" he broke off in a loud-voiced dismay. A group of employes were standing the state of the tables men sat eating or the word words.

"But Com!" came the questions and finished in a large and low-celled to make a saying as they went in two many saying as they went in the many saying a

Tom, with a gasp of apprehension, "Gone!" he shouted, as he surveyed the wreckage. "The Sullivan money's 6 per cent, namely of from 14 cents a gone! I put it in this top drawer! pound on the average. The decline in the gone! I put it in this top drawer:
Look, Mr. Lampson! The drawer has prices of flour and bread recorded been forced! Oh, why didn't I keep the cash in my own pocket? Fil make the cash in my own pocket? Fil make extent only.

Potatoes, which have been hitherto sub-

"Good!" spproved Lampson. "I was crease from 10 to 12 cents milk in a great part of London milk in a great part of London colors for phone the police. Officer, has milk in a great part of London colors for the price of

"Maybe it has; maybe it hasn't," replied the plain-c es man see a man named Thomas Blake of this

address."
"I am Thomas Blake," put in Tom, haggard with a sudden undefined dread. "What do you want?"
"You needn't look so scared." said the detective, grinning. "This sin't a pinch. It's good news for you. We got an alarm from Boston last evenin' to look out for a woman crock named lizzis Reisenfrom Boston last evenin' to look out for a woman crook named Lizzie Reisen-'Light-Fingered Liz' we call her. One of our men just happened to nab her as she was comin' out of Harding's joint. We searched her at headquarters. An' we

found—this!"

Dramatically he pulled out a long envelope addressed, in Tom's own characteristic handwriting to "Thomas Blake, care of Roger Lampson & Co., 221 Mar-

eet street."

One end of the envelope had been torn open. The detective shook out of it a sheaf of seventeen fifty-dollar bills. "We took this off her," he went on.

"an' we gave her a taste of the third degree till she talked. She says you're a friend of hers an that you an her was drinkin together at Harding's last night an' she lifted this from you before you had a chance to spend it on any one

else." Five minutes later Roger Lampson was saying, with genuine sorrow

voice: "I'm not going to prosecute, Blake. But you're proved yourself not only a thief but the most conscienceless liar At an alcove table sat a well-dressed young man in front of whom a waiter was just then setting a cup of coffee. a small steak and a 'bird bath' of visciding sense of fairness will force me to ly slim fried potatoes. This by itself warn any future employer of your's was of no great interest. But something that you are a dengerous crock."

Tom walked dangle out of the w

Tom walked, dazedly, His heart was dead. H His heart was dead. His splendid pros-pects, his chance of employment, his selfrespect, all were gone. Nothing remained for him in life, but Marjorie. He must go to her now-at once; tell her everything and trust to her love to make her stand by him.

er all, was what counted most in his life. She was his future—his hope—his heaven At the outer door of the building a

pleasant effect even a bad supper can "A lie?" muttered Tom, half aloud. ernoon a detail of work arrived that had to be completed in haste. Tom at once volunteered to stay after hours to finish it.

When the rest of the staff departed help bent over his dask unways leading to be to work his das me out. There's nothing left.
My parents, my work, my

task and reached for his hat and coat me heard a rap at the door of the outer of fice. Answer the summons he admitted headache, a rankly bad taste in his house, a customer of the firm.

James Sullivan, a customer of the firm.

Diake "the visitor greeted him, blinked. He—yes, he must have been fast blinked. HARD HIT BY WAR

> Shortage of Timber Considered. Lumbermen Imported.

Britain. In every wood the sound of He understood now the racking head- the ax and the saw can be heard dryness of mouth, the nauses. lumber camps as picturesque as any on Yes, and he knew why the woman had the Missouri are to be found as far

anticipate the consumption of tim which war would entail. of the belligerent countries, not even in Germany, had a proper estimate been made of the demand that would arise for ash wood for wagons, for fir for

BRITISH COST RISING.

the army.

London, June 17 .- The cost of living is steadily going up throughout Great Brit-ain. According to detailed statistics ob-tained from official sources the average increase in the retail price of food since the beginning of the war is 55 per cent. This figure relates to food only, and in estimating the increased cost of living it piped is pointed out that this percentage must be applied to the total family ex-diture, but only to that proportion penditure, but only to that proportion which is expended on food. Retail prices of food showed an increase

of about 4 per cent in April. Both beef and mutton showed an advance of about

eek by week, out of my own salary.

li—
"You'll do nothing of the sort, my

Potatoes, which have been minerto subject to little more than the normal seasonal changes in price, show this month an advance of 42 per cent, from an averhe gave his order and sat back to wait.

He was mildly irritated to find himself lin a resort so evidently savoring of the underworld.

He was mildly irritated to find himself lear boy," contradited Roger Lampson, age of 10 cents for seven pounds to more touched to the heart by Tom's grief. "It than 14 cents of the retail was no fault of yours. I—" pound. The average price of fish, and cheese was slightly higher than a month earlier.

Tea, milk, butter and margarine showed

Tea, milk, butter and marger and in-little change in price, apart from an in-crease from 10 to 12 cents a quart of going to phone the police. Officer, has milk in a great part of London. The sea-your visit anything to do with this rob-sonal decline in the price of eggs con-